

**¶ A Dyalogue defen-
syue for women/
agaynst maly-
cyous detrac-
tours,**



The Prologue.

**To the ryght worshypfull and his syn-
guler good maystres Arthur Har-
berde/Robert Uagthane sendeth
molte hartly gretynge.**

TO you maystres Arthur, my scruyce premysed
As reason of ryghte, requyeth to recompence
Your gentle herte, whiche hath nat despysed
Afore this tyme, to take with beneuolence
My wrytynge vnworthye, full of vayne sentence
Whiche kyndnes consydered, good cause doth constrayne
And detwye me dryueth, to do my dyspygence
With some small gyfte, for to requyte agayne.

**Your boontous benygnytie, imbolsdeth my rudenes
This treatyse folowynge, vnto you to dedycate
Whiche to myne handes, occurryde doubtes
As I on my Journey, was rydynge but late
By a frende of myne, wilst whom I was assocate
As by chaunce I aspyghted, at a certayne place
Whiche wysled me than, that I wolde asgate
So forth and talke with hym, a lytell space.**

**Than secretly, he dyd vnto me comye
Agaynst detraction, this dyalogue defensyue
For the woman sakes, both necessary and fyt
Whan prouye reprehendeth, agaynst them lyst to stryue
Of whose vyce the circumstance, he playnely doth dyscryue
That throughe auaryce, the syn insacpable
Detractours swarme, as bees aboute an hyue
Whete felonous flattery, to them is profytable.**

¶ I take

I took the volume, and rede therein apace
And well perceyued at the fyrste syght
It was fayned in fauour, of one in your case
Howbeit I wolde nat aske hym, what she hyght
But vnto hym, I sayde anone full tyght
What is your mynde, that I herin do shall
For fayne I wolde, yf it lay in my myght
Your mynde accomplyshe, what soeuer befall.

I wolde sayde he, yf it your pleasure were
That you wolde vouchsaue, at my hande to take
This lytell smale volume, your name for to bere
Whose fantasie with faynyng, is set for to make
Left slaunder perchance, his sharpe sowne out shake
To moue me mayce, whiche onely meane rest
Your name may cause, suche noyses to asslake
Therefore present it, wher as you thynke best.

Whan in my mynde, I thought that you were
Your cause consydered, and also your estate
Wofull worthy to whom, I myght sende or bere
It to present, or els to dedycate
And because it declareth, howe the pyes do prate
And what them causeth, suche pratyng to vse
I trust in God, it shall your mynde recreate
I thought to rede it, yf you wyll nat refuse.

And of your thanks, to me I requyre
No parte at all, sens myne is nat the payne
But of your gentylnes, I humbly you desyre
That he may haue thanks, that labours doth sustayne
And as to my selfe, no thanke I wyll clayme
Sens thanke to payne, is euer consequent
Yet nat withstandyng, whyle lyfe doth remayne
Myne herte and scrupel, shall be at your comaundement.

A. ii.

This

This Dialogue, as Dymonde derely dyghe
 And as a (weke) moste worthely wrought
 Shynnyng with eloquence, as starre doth of lyght
 We thynke that you, of reason moste ought
 As she that with payne, experyence hath bought
 Haue in your custodie, as answere for your cause
 As the free fawcon, hath you herin taught
 Your selfe to defende, agaynst pyes and dawse.

f i a i d.

Robert Uaghane to the reader.

Rede gentyl Reader, all rygour set aparte
 Onely with indyfferencye, ponder this argument
 Be nat weyde with wyllfulnes, & ofte doth trewly subuarie
 Enterlet no parte passyng in iudgement
 Remembre this rule, that Justyce in election
 Taketh no place in wyll nor affection.

Ende nat then in Judgement, althoughe parshawne
 Onto the hath be extended, a auntyent occasyon
 Requyryng agaynst women, to haue thy despayne
 Do nat consent, to suche a lyght partwasyon
 Euer consyder, it is a made affection
 To iudge all vnpartyt, thoughe one lacke perfection.

Raylyng without reason, voyde of humanyte
 Outragynge and letwde, for lacke of intellygence
 Blynded throughe ygnorance, with mystes of sensualltyte
 Euermore the pye, setteth out her sentence
 Relatyng her malyce, by vniust accusacyon
 This shall ye perceyue, by the fawcons declaracyon.

Bestowe nat then thy labour, to prate with the pye
 Vniustly accusyng, thy nowysshie and mother
 Rede and recorde, howe the fawcon doth repleye
 Defendyng the femalles, with Authours one and other
 Euermore asledged, and noted in the mergent
 The gentyl reader, to satysfye and content.

f i a i d.

The

The Aucthour speaketh.



In the moneth of Decēbre, whē phēbus f bught
with his mocyon had entered in to þ fyrst degre
Of Capricorne, whan longe is the nyght
And the day tyme, moſte in breuytie

Than ſnowes lyeth depe, vpon the hylles ſye
waters congyled, in to yſe harde and thycke
Trees, Plantes, and Herbes, ſeme than to dye
Fewe thynges growynge, appere to be quyeke
The wether moſte bytter, with wyndes ſharpe and colde
Caufeth great company, togyther to reſorte
Vnto the fyre ſyde, where ale good and olde
Werely they drynke, they heries to comforte
Early in a mo:nyng, in this moneth of Decēbre
From ſleepe I aroſe, and to my ſtudy went
Before all thynges than, I dyd remembre
That tyme of euery man, ſhuld fruteſully be ſpent
At the fyrſte by chaunce, I red an oracyon
Moſte pleaſauntly ſet forth, with flowers rathor, ycall
Deſcrybynge the monſtrous vyce of detraction
The dowghter of cunye, the ſurpe infernall
Whoſe peſtylent poyſon, as cankar doth crepe
Amonge all people, in Cytie, Towre, and Towne
Byngynge Innocentes, in to paynes depe
And from theyr good names, it doth them caſt downe
By readyng this Aucthour, I was penſyfe in my harte
As one that had proued, his wordes to be trewe
Sorrowes conſtrayned me, to lay this boke aparte
The remembraunce therof, my paynes dyd reneue
A none I ſpyed in the Dyent
That dame Aurora, to me dyd apere
And the ſōne with his beames, as golde reſplendent
To our Drizont, began to drawe neare
With ſpede than my ſtudy, and bokes, I dyd forſake
Intendynge all thoughtes, from my mynde to expell
And towarde a Forreſt, the way dyd I take

Not far from the parties, where I dyd dwell
 In this forest fayre, as I walked a while
 Beholdynge hye trees, with armes longe and wyde
 Sodainly within the space of a myle
 An Arbour moste pleasaunt, there I espyde
 To that place of pleasure, for my recreacyon
 With spede I approached, it made my herte syght
 Anone I was taken, with great admiracyon
 Of all the fayre pleasures, when I had a syght
 This place was enuyroned, with hedgys thre
 Of hauthorne thicke, thre dyches depe cast
 Thre waters there were, whiche I dyd se
 In to the Arbour by them, as I past
 Oakes that were olde, in the fyrste hedge were growynge
 And Elmes in the seconde, that large were and longe
 In the thyrde hedge, with bowes downe bowynge
 Many trees toggyther, were thynste in a thronge
 The Asshe and the Aspe, with his leaues that do quake
 The Beye and the Berysse, toggyther dyd stande
 The Locke causynge slyppers, to cracke and to croke
 With the Ewe tre, a defence to this lande
 The Plane and the Poplar, there I dyd se
 The Salowe, the Pyne, and the Maple rownde
 The holly with his pyckes, and the walnut tre
 With the Fyr and the Hasyll, hangynge to the grownde
 In the myddes a Lypresse tre, I dyd espye
 Bordenyd with Olyues, in cycke rownde
 And vnder the Lypresse, downe dyd I lye
 Where benches on eche syde, were made aboue the grownde
 These trees to beholde, in my mynde I dyd muse
 Of all kyndes there growynge, and in order set
 All pleasures worldly, I wolde refuse
 To haue suche an Arbour, yf I myght it get
 Suche flagraunt sauours, suche odours swete
 I neuer felt in the moneth of May
 Agaynst all dolour, a medycyne moste swete

To to this Arbour, to take the redy way
 As in this place pleasaunt, my selfe I dyd comforte
 With sauours soueraygne, and colours good for syght
 A fawcon and a Pye, to the same dyd resorte
 And ouer my heade, in the Lypresse they dyd syght
 Great stryfe was betwene them, with argumentacyon
 Theyr oppnyons contrary semed vnto me
 The Pye prated fast, with moche contencion
 And sayde that her sentence, nedes trewe must be.

The fawcon.

The fawcon moste gentyll, with sober behauour
 Sayde ianglyng wordes, the trouth do nat trye
 And fewe wyse men, I thynke do fauour
 The lyghtnes of a pratyng Pye.

The Pye.

The Pye than answered, with wordes full of prate
 And sayde, my saynges I wyll neuer denye
 Of women I loke, to haue no hyar
 Nought is theyr nature, theyr wyttes nat worth a flye.

The fawcon.

All thynges sayde the fawcon, of Goddes creatyon
 As scripture recorderth, be persyt in theyr kynde
 woman was create, by dyuine operacyon
 Persyt in body, in reason, wyll, and mynde.

Deut. 32.
Gen. 20.

The Pye.

Persyt: who there sayde the Pye I the pray
 Perfection in woman, shall neuer take place
 Unpersyt she is, and rude alway
 In body, and in soule, boyde of all grace.

The fawcon.

In the olde lawe, thou mayst playnly se
 Sayde the fawcon, that Goddes creatures all
 Be sownde and persyt, without deformitie
 A bongler or a botcher, thou canest nat God call
 But yf thou wyll scripture, leaue and forsake
 And flye vnto reason, with me to contende

In what thyng tell me, dyd God woman make
So vnperfeyte, that thou canst nat her nature comende.

¶ The Pye.

¶ In her bodye sayde the Pye, she lacketh perfection
Both faynt and feeble, labours to sustayne
Harted as an hen, she nedeth protection
She can nother suffre the wynde, nor the rayne.

¶ The Fawcon.

¶ If strength of body, with houghe and great quantyte
Preemynence quod the Fawcon, do proue and infer
Amonge all creatures, than man in dygnytie
To dyuers brute beastes, shulde far be vnder
In Lyon, Elephant, Bear, Bull, and Boie
Quantyte in bodye, boldnes, strength, and myght
In plenty and abundaunce, be sene euermore
No man hath lyke, thou mayst se with thy syght
Yet these beastes all, be subiect to man
For all theyr hougnes, he is hyest in degre
Wherfore gyfte bodely, nother may nor can
Preemynence in nature, proue where they be
If shape of body, that semely is in syght
If countenaunce comely, yf betwixt gyue perfection
Than must thou nedes graunt, that woman of ryght
Dought before man, be taken in election
But corporall qualtyes, as betwixt, strength, or shappe
Boldnes or greatnes, no proffe can make
Of nobyltye in man, in hym thoughte thou them lappe
Sene brute beastes of nature, these qualtyes take
And lyke as theyr presence, no dygnytie can byng
Vnto man nor perfection, so on the other syde
Theyr lacke and absence of vnperfection nothyng
Can proue in woman, in whom they do nat byde.

¶ The Pye.

Yet humayne perfection, then sayde the Pye
In gyfte of the soule, doth chastytely consyde
As reason and knowledge, thou canest nat deny

Not agaynst this verytpe, thou canest nat resyst.

¶ The Fawcon.

¶ I graunt sayde the Fawcon, that the power intellectuall
Of the soule, with reason and libertie of wyll
Set man in perfection, as his gyftes pryncypall
By helpe wherof, Goddes lawes he doth fulfill.

¶ The Dye.

¶ I than proue shall I lyghly, that woman is
Imperfyt sayde the Dye, and bestyall of kynde
Hens these powers spirytuall, by nature she doth mys
And none of them all, in her thou mayst fynde
Of knowledge she hath, no more than a Calfe
In Judgement as wyse, as a Capon or a Gander
And the trouth of her to speake, in this behalfe
Her wytt is apyshe, and in lewdnes doth wander
To rayle and to skolde, no tongue she doth lacke
To inuent myschypse, she is nat to seke
Of craft and descryte, she hath a great packe
But in goodnes, her wytt is nat worth a leke.

¶ The Fawcon.

¶ That woman hath these powers reherfed aboue
Of the soule sayde the Fawcon, that adde suche perfection
Vnto mankynde, by reason I shall proue
That in this matter, shall be her protection
Theffect without the cause, can neuer be founde
For betwene them, there is mutuall relacyon
Let this be of my reasonyng the grounde
And heke what shall folowe, in trewe declaracyon
Knowledge in lernynge, as in the artes seauen
In naturall Philosophy, and morall also
To make dysputacyon, of the bodyes of heauen
And of earthy creatures, in theyr places lyng to
Facultyes and craftes, to inuent and fynde out
And chaunces to tell, are they come a longe season
All these to be theeffectes, no man doth doubte
Of the intellectuall power, the wyll and the reason.

B.1.

¶ The

¶ The Pye.

¶ What woman, I pray the than sayde the Pye
These gyftes haue had, that effectes thou dost call
Except thou be doubtes, dysposed to lye
Thou canest reherse none, nother great nor small.

¶ The Fawcon.

¶ I can sayde the Fawcon, reherfall to the make
Of mo suche women, than thou hast in the
Londryons gentle, wherfore good hede take
And thou shalt here named, mo than two or thre
Larmentes the mayde, fyrste dyd inuent
Our latyne letters, as wyrters do tell
Her industrie and labour, with wyll and intent
In memorie perpetuall, do cause her to dwell
The .ix. virgynes pure, that musyes we call
The .vii. artes lyberall, dyd fyrste to vs fynde
And pleasaunt Poetrie, conteynyng matter morall
Vnder fables fayned, these maydes dyd combynde
Mynerva, whiche also Pallas was named
As goddes was taken, of arte and sapyence
Because that in Grecia, she fyrste set and framed
Plantes, shrubbes, and trees, as Auctours gyue eydence
The vse of armour, the helmet, and brest plate
With Ingynes wonderfull, and fortresseys stronge
For warres with her policie, she dyd fyrste exogytate
The reherfall of her actes, requyeth tyme longe
Diotima a mayden, hyghe knowledge had
In Philosophye, throughe whose fame and reporte
Socrates the Philosophyer, moste grane and sad
To her comyn Lecture, dyd come and resorte
Leontium also, a woman moste wyse
Agaynst Theophrast, with oracyons dyd contende
And workes moste excellent, she dyd deuyse
Agaynst detractours, women to defende
Paula and Eustochium, were lerned ryght well
Vnto whom Hierome, of hyghe estymacyon

Epistles

Epistles and workes, the trouth for to tell
 Dyuers dyd wyte, for they recreacyon
 In our countrey natyue, women thou mayst se
 In both tongues experte, the Latyne and the Greke
 In Rethorycke and Poetrie, excellent they be
 And with pen to endyte, they be nat to seke
 If women in youth, had suche educacyon
 In knowledge and lernynge, as men vse to haue
 They workes of they wyttes, wolde make full probacyon
 And that of men counceyll, they nede nat to craue.

The Pye.

These Examptes excell, yf they be vsayned
 Sayde the Pye, for women to the starres they extoll
 In naturall knowledge, nowe am I constrainned
 To graunt that woman hath, moche in her noll.

The Falcon.

I shall proue sayde the Falcon, that supernaturall
 Knowledge in woman, may well take place
 Prophecy I meane, the gyfte celestyall
 In to the soule infused, by especyall grace
 Cassandra doughter, to Priamus the kynge
 A lady moste fayre, dyd shewe the destruction
 Of noble Troye, whan it was moste flouysshynge
 That by Parys actes, it shulde come to confusyon
 The. v. Paydens gentylles, that Darro doth call
 The Sybilles, this gyfte of Prophecy receyued
 Of meruayles they dyd speake, before they dyd fall
 Suche as trusted they saynges, were nat deceyued
 Sybilla Tyburtyna, dyd wyte in her boke
 That Messias in Bethselem, of a mayde shulde be boine
 And that in Nazareth, manes nature he toke
 Man to redeme, that by synne was forloine
 Sybilla Erythra, as Lactancyus doth recorde
 The processe of the Passyon, moste playnly doth expresse
 Howe the Jewes vniustly, they soueraygne Lorde
 Oppressed with paynes, and deadly dystresse

Lactant.
8 gētes

His buffyttes, his scourgyng with whippes that dyd cut
 His crowne of thorne, with pyckes sharpe and longe
 The cysell and gass, that to his mouth were put
 These thynges she described, and all his other wronge
 The Eclipse of the Sonne, that made men to quake
 With workes that were wonderfull, sene at that scason
 His dolorous death, that amendes dyd make
 For mānes mysdede, and for his hygge treason
 All these she described, by dyuine reuelacyon
 Longe tyme before they came to effect
 And as saynt Austayne maketh reccytacyon

De clust.
 Det. 11. 18.
 Act. 310.

Of domes day, the fearfull sygnes she dyd detect
 In the actes of the Apostles, Luke doth recyte
 Howe Phylipp the Euangelyst, had dowgsters foure
 All virgyns cleane, with whom was the spyrte
 Of prophete, as they Sybilles had before
 wherfore sene women, suche knowledge haue had
 Both naturall pure, and nature excedyng
 who doubteth in this, except he be mad
 whysper they haue reason, with þ power of vnderstandyng
 But these two powers, set man in perfection
 And from brute beastes, they do hym exlude
 women haue the same, as I haue made inductyon
 Ergo they be pcrfyte, I may well conclude.

¶ The Pye.

¶ Although I must graunt, that they of nature be
 pcrfyte sayde the Pye, made by Goddes creatyon
 So is the Denys, yet in hell lyeth he
 By dyuine sentence, in endles dampnacyon.

¶ The Fawcon.

¶ What meanest thou, that murderer to mynde
 Sayde the Fawcon, that man dyd take in his snare
 Our dysputacyon, is of woman kynde
 whiche vnto the Denys, thou mayst nat compare.

¶ The Pye.

¶ Betwene two extremes, that in qualtyes agre
 Comparyson

Comparyson may be made, than sayde the Pye
The Deuyll and woman, be lyke in degre
They: ende is to hane, an enyll destenye.

The fatowon.

Why women sayde the fatowon, make me relacyon
More than men, suche fortune shulde hane
Bens man and woman, be of Goddes creacyon
He denyeth no merite, to them that do it craue.

Mat. 72.

The Pye.

Where vyce is raygnynge, than sayde the Pye
Danysshement must folowe, thou knowest tyght well
All vyce raygneth in women, this is no lye
Therefore in paynes, they must nedes dwell.

Ad roma
nou. 60.

The fatowon.

The fatowon than answered, mylde in his mode
Sayinge Pye from thy raylunge, thy selfe remoue
Thy selfe that suffered death, racked on a rode
Forbyd that euer, thou shulde this proue.

The Pye.

Prone sayde the Pye, what maystry is this?
Who put man I pray the, in his fyrste creacyon
From Paradyse, that place of pleasure and blys
But woman, through the Deuylls temptacyon?
And therefore doubtles, I may her well call
The fontayne and wellspringe, of all calamytie
For through her pyde, synne origynall
Dyd ysshewe with death, to all her posteritye
And lyke as the fyrste woman, Eve I do meane
Dyd sow the seede, of all iniquytie
So syth her tyme, women maynteyne
All synne and vyce, in moste enormytie
Wauerynge they be, and lyght as the wynde
Erewell as Tygres, than Lucyfer more proude
And trust in them, no man can fynde
She is no woman, that can the to lode
Of carnall pleasures, they be insacable

B.iii.

In

In battyll, bluddy bolde Barones for them dye
Woman to man, was neuer profyttable
But full of cost, who can this denye?

The Fawcon.

A prouerbe proued sayde the Fawcon, I fynde
The barkynge of a Lurte, no kynge can restrayne
So no man can cause, the malycious mynde
Of the pratyng Pye, from raylynge to restrayne.

The Pye.

A prater I am called, because I hyt the nayfe
Euen vpon the heade, than sayde the Pye
Whan I say the trouth, thou sayst I rayfe
Yet my trewe sayinges, thou canest nat denye.

The Fawcon.

Notthyng sayde the Fawcon, is more repugnant
Vnto the trouth, than thy sayinges all
And that may be proued, by reasones abundant
Deduced of pryncyples Theologycall
From Paradyse pleasaunt, as thou dost say
Gen. 30. Adam was expulsed, with his posteritie
That Eue was full cause, I do say nay
Whom thou dost call, the mother of myserie
As Eue Goddes commaundement, there dyd transgresse
So dyd Adam, as the storie doth tell
The Sone of a mayde, theyr offence dyd redresse
Whose death dyd breake, the brasones durres of hell
Nowe for as moche, as dysobedience
Of both our fyrste parentes, Goddes yare dyd prouoke
It was nat all onely, the womans offence
Wherby mankynde, dyd suffer Goddes stroke
And as Dyurnes make declaracyon
21. li. 14. distinct. 11. If Adam had neuer, consented to synne
In Paradyse mankynde, shalde haue had habytacyon
Although Eue before, to offende dyd begynne
Wherfore thou Jangler, nowe mayst thou well se
Agaynst our fyrste mother, thy vniust accusacyon

Seynge

Seynge that man is proued, cause for to be
As well as the woman, of all tribulacyon.

¶ The Pye.

¶ I than chattered the Pye, and sayde with hygge voyce
I thoughte it be so, as thou tellest to me
Be ware yet in women, lest thou reioyce
They wyll deceyne the, by mutabyltye.

¶ The Fawcon.

¶ Who is sayde the Fawcon, all tymes at one stay
I thoughte this worlde wyde, and neuer mutable
Man is subiecte, to passyons alway
His lyfe in this worlde, must nedes be varyable.

Eccle. 1.

¶ The Pye.

¶ I graunt sayde the Pye, but this is my mynde
All women of promysse, be euer unstable
They fantasyes chaunge, and tourne as the wynde
And dowble be they dedes, this is no fable.

¶ The Fawcon.

¶ In reuoluyng of storyes, sayde the Fawcon then
Of women stedfastnes, moche mayst thou rede
On the contrary parte, thou shalt fynde of men
That they haue ben false, in worde and in dede
What kyngdomes nobler: what Epties of pryce
By treason haue perysshed, as Cronycles tell
Contraryd thoughte the false denyce
Of cowharde Captaynes, that there dyd dwell
Who betrayde the hygge kynge, our sauour Jesu
Paynes for to suffre, with extreme passyon
But Judas vnjust, and traitour vntrewe
Whiche hanged hym selfe, thoughte desperacyon
Aenas with Antenor, Troye dyd betray
And gaue it to the Grekes, that were voyde of compassyon
I than perysshed that Eptie, as the storie doth say
The treason of those Traytours, caused great lamentacyon
Fewe feldes be foughten, without treason I dare say
Of one parte or other, fewe kyngdomes be wonne

with

without prync packynge, for treason doth decay
 No cyties and countreyes, than battylls or gonnes
 If stedfastnes were stablyssed, substanti ally in men
 And grauntie were graued, in rulers that be tyght
 If promys were performed, yf the commaundementes ten
 Of man were well obserued, both by day and nyght
 Then constant I myght call hym, but synce & sayeth saylet
 And treason with all vyce, in hym hath taken place
 Therfore hym to prayse, spytell it anaylet
 For mutable he is, and tourneth in small space
 That women be constant, and trewe as fyne stele
 Examples we rede, of Penelope
 And Lucretia, that sorowes dyd fete
 Both matrones noble, as storys do say
 Hester the quene, saye Iudith moste chaste
 As scripture doth say, they people dyd saue
 From cruel death, when all hope was past
 Amonge the men, such grace God them gave
 Who can describe, with pen or with tonge
 The constant vertue, of Susan moste kynde
 Vnto her husbnde, the storye is longe
 In Danyshe the Prophet, thou mayst it fynde
 The mother of the Machabees, that vii. were in nombre
 Exhorted her chyldren, martyrdom to take
 Her stedfastnes caused, all men to wondre
 No payne coulde cause her, the sayth to forsake
 The woman of Chananee, of Christ was comended
 For her sayth vnfayned, and stedfast belife
 By her prayer deuoute, her daughter was amended
 That by deparcyon of a Denys, suffered moche grefe
 Of virgynes moste chaste, what nede I to speke
 As Katheryne, Margaret, and many thousandes mo
 No payne coulde cause them, they bowes to bryke
 They chastyte to saue, they suffred moche wo
 At Christes death, when the Apostles all
 They mayster dyd leane, throughe mutabyltye

Jer. 70.
 Iud. 110.

Dan. 130.
 11. mach.
 70.

Ma. 150.

Marci.
 140.

Men

Men were founde ryght, and trandyng as a ball
In them was no fayth, but in fydelyte
In one woman than, all fayth dyd remaine
When men dyd shynte, and tourne as the wynde
Mary Chyestes mother, it is that I meane
No sorowe coude cause, her fayth to vntwynde
Examples for this matter, almoste innumerable
I coude here recyte, yf tyme wolde permyt
That women of dede and worde, be ryght stable
But here be ynowe, for them that haue wylt.

The Pye.

¶ Yet women sayde the Pye, be great confusyon
Vnto all men, for in batteyll bolde
Of blode they haue caused, oft great effusyon
Of theyr myschyls, moche in stoyses is tolde.

The Falcon.

¶ Thy fables fayned, make small probacyon
Vnto thy purpose, the Falcon dyd say
Whan dydest thou rede, in trewe declaracyon
That women cause batteyll, by nyght or by day.

The Pye.

¶ Dyd nat fayre Helene, than sayde the Pye
Of Troye the cytie, cause the destruction
When the stronge walles, with towres and towrettes hye
By the Grekes dyd fall, and had there subuersyon.

The Falcon.

¶ Where malice is raygnynge, there false accusacyon
Doth folowe sayde the Falcon, in felde and in towne
Therefore of Troye, thou sayst the desolacyon
Was caused by Helene, the woman of renowne
Dyd nat Alxpaunder, his lust to fulfyll
Sone to kynge Priame, by strength steale away
Fayre Helene from the Grekes, agaynst her owne wylt
Whan she her handes wronge, howe canest thou say nay
If wepyng teares, yf syghes sore and sad
If lamentacyon, nyght then haue pryncypled

fayre Helene had escaped, Darys moste mad
 from Grece in to Troye, with her whan he sealed
 And thoughe batyll bloodye, with murder moste myserable
 Betwene these two nacyons, enswetwed to theyr payne
 The aduiterat it caused, by dede detestable
 whiche coude nat from lust, his body restrayne
 what mountayne myghty, what seer rough and depe
 Hauē men passed through, as beastes without wyte
 Theyr raygynge hath caused, good women to wepe
 with vyolence constrained, theyr lust to admyte
 Suche myschyses many men, oft haue procured
 And yet they cesse nat, the same to support
 As to whyng this matter, I am full assured
 All theyr madnes fully, I can nat report.

¶ The Dye.

¶ I can report than, sayde the Dye
 That women be crewell, and soue to be in stryfe
 Cursed as Cayn, thou canst nat denye
 Angry as the waspe, wedow, mayde, and wyfe.

¶ The Jatocon.

¶ The fayre Jatocon answered, with wordes þe were wyse
 Sayinge Dye thou arte pryncesse, and blynde as a blocke
 No man with reason may the suffyse
 Thy malysce is meruaylous, and styffe as a stocke
 Thou raylest agaynst reason, whan thou dost impute
 Par vnto women, with crewell condycyon
 For vnto the contraye, I shall dyspute

¶ Heate causeth par, in man and in beaste
 Of parfull herte, crewelnes doth sprynge
 where crewellty doth dwell, compassyon hath no rest

¶ For contraries togyther, can haue no bydynge
 what causeth fearnes, in Lyon, wolfe, and beate
 In Bores that be bryn, and mastiffes moche of myght
 whiche all in theyr raygynge, in peres rent and teare
 Theyr playse that they take, by day or els by nyght

what

What moueth man, so feare for to be
 And crewell of dede, as beaſt wode and wyde
 But heat cauſynge yare, when he without pytie
 In war doth deſtroy, the mother with the chyld
 And ſpke as beaſte feruent, yare doth inflame
 In man and in beaſte, and crewell them doth make
 So colde contrarie, crewellneſſe doth tame
 Cauſynge man and beaſt, to ſhyuer and to quake
 Women in theyr nature, be colde as a kay
 In reſpect of men, wherefore inclynacyon
 To be yare full or crewell, from them is a way
 And petye moſt tendre, in them hath habytacyon
 Who is ſo ſad, of crewellneſſe to here
 In ſpoylynge or murdre, as theſe women be
 For ſpares and for feyghtynge, they make heny chere
 Vpon euery manes ſynderaunce, they take great petye
 What wepyng teares? what ſore lamentacyon
 Dyd women make, in Hieruſalem
 Vpon the lambes death, takynge compaſſyon
 That borne was of mother, and mayde in Bethleem
 But men at that tyme, as beaſtes raygynge mad
 They hygge kynge and maker, dyd nayle to a tre
 At that ſeaſon tell me, whyther men had
 Lyke vnto women, compaſſyon and petye.

Lam. 1.

Mat. 23.

¶ The Pye.

Admyt that thy reaſones, dyd fully conclude
 For women ſayde the Pye, as thou doſt infer
 Yet proſpitye from them, thou muſt nedes exclude
 Theyr huſbandes they bynge, in det and daunger
 Eaſe they ſoue all, to labour they dyſdayne
 Waſters they be of money, meate, and cloth
 And from the blaſke boſt, they can nat refrayne
 To ſpeake all I knowe by them, I am loth.

¶ The Fawcon.

I am full loth, the Fawcon dyd ſay
 Vnto the Pye, ſuche raygynge to here

L. ii.

Noſynge

Nothyng is trewe, thou speakest here this day
 Thy fables be fayned, and false this is clere
 A womans offyce, as Arystotle taught
 In his Ecconomykes, is redy for to make
 Suche thynges for sustynauce, as to her be brought
 Her famylye to fede, that paynes and labours take
 All rychesse procured, by nyght or els by day
 Thoughe the mānes trauayle, in felde or in towne
 The wyfe with her wysdom, must kepe from decay
 And suffer no proffyte, in losse to fall downe
 By practes I proue, in places as I passe
 The prudent polycye, in suche gubernacyon
 Of women that wysely, the worlde do compasse
 In moste honest maner, to theyr cōmendacyon
 What labour of bodye, do they oft sustayne
 What brycke of slepe, whan they shulde rest take
 With honestye theyr husbādes, and house to mayntayne
 These thynges to fulfyll, no paynes they forsake
 Men dyuers I haue knowne, to wast, spyl, and spende
 At dynges and games, suche rychesse as they had
 Whan women full busysye, dyd labour to amende
 Theyr husbādes lewdnes, that made them full sad
 Wherfore sens women, theyr detyes do fulfyll
 As I haue declared, without fayned fable
 They rayse without reason, and speake all at wyll
 That say vnto men, they be nat profyttable
 Cryng in his cradell, at his fyrste begynnynge
 Whan man doth lye rocked, nat able to stande
 Who doth hym than fede, with meates nurtysshynge
 But woman that to helpe hym, doth put to her hande
 Who can women lacke, in syckenes or in helth
 To washe and to wyng, and meates to prepare
 A comforte they be, in pouertie and welth
 Vnto all men, to whom they repare
 And therfore Scrypture, doth woman call
 A helper to man, in eery dystresse

whan

Whan fortune furyeth, and causeth hym to fall
Lyste remedye she is, of all his heynesse
And thonghe thou Dye playnge, by vniust accusacyon
All kyndes of vyce, to women hast obiect
Yet in all vertues, they haue deservacyon
And therfore of God, I thynke them effect
Humble they be, and lowly in harte
Pytefull and pacyent, with sobre behanour
And contynence from them, doth neuer departe
With dyslygence for vertues, they do euer labour.

¶ The Dye.

Howe canst thou them vertuous, and chaste of lyfe call
Sayde the Dye, that men by subtyle promouacyon
Wone vnto vyce, and cause them to fall
No deuyll vnto woman, is lyke in temptacyon
Weandie the stude, that maketh men to muse
And laborious labyrynthe, that Dedalus deuyed
Suche wyndynges and tournynges, neuer dyd vse
As women in temptacyon, for men haue contrived
All gyftes of nature, they inclyne to prouoke
Man vnto pleasure, and his reason to blynde
And with Lypydes darte, to gyue hym a stroke
Thus cleane and freshe men, in bondage they bynde
Theyr countenaunce smyllynge, as the messenger of loue
Theyr eyes moste wantonly, euer roll and turne
Vpon syghtes semely, and all thynges aboue
Because loue them burneth, they desyre to burne
Theyr handes and syngers, for this they kepe whyte
Dashed full of trynges, with many a peryous stone
To shewe theyr petyfete, they haue great desyre
On theyr toes howe they tryppe, to se it is alone
They laughe, they speake, they synge, they dounce
The lustes of loue, in youth, to inflame
Theyr garments be garnysshed, after the guyse of fraunce
And to vse paynted wordes, theyr tongues be nat lame
Theyr brestes they lay forth, as a Boncher darg his flesshe

1. ad Ti.
moth. 10.

2. Pe. 10.

To be solde in the shambles, and ouer them they lay
A fyne case of sylke, with an oweche that is freshe
Or els a small chayne, that was gotten in theyr play
And as an horse mayster, that to a fayre doth bynge
His horses all platted, the mane and the tayle
So women theyr hear, as golde wyre shynynge
They wrappe, plete, and plat, yonge louers to assayle
But Paule vnto Tymothe, a document doth gyue
Vnto all women, suche lyghtnes to despyse
And so doth Peter, whiche sayth they shulde tyue
Nat in wanton apparell, but in sad and sobre wyse
I dare nat nowt speake, howe some do counterfet
The coloure of theyr faces, as they were naturall
Strange heat also, for theyr heades they do get
Of their muskes, posyes, & pōmanders, I make no referfall
All these pety tryckes, these pety dames do vse
In to Venus daunce, yonge Rufflers to assure
Howe canst thou Fawcon say, but theyr gyftes they abuse
Defende them in this matter, thou canst nat I am sure.

The Fawcon.

Stop there sayde the Fawcon, and hearken to me a season
For thy braggynge hostes, syghely I shall make base
And declare vnto the, by inuincyble reason
That delibérate dyscrecyon, in the doth take no place
Shameles thou art surely, thus shamefully to speake
That man to wyce is moued, by womans prouocacyon
For women of cleane synynge, be oft moued to breake
Theyr chastytie by churles, that chafe them by temptacyon
What paynted wordes, womans loue to assure
What tokens that be trycke, do these men vse
What rynges, what hertes of golde fyne and pure
Whiche women do viterly contemne and refuse
And whan by suche tokens, men can nat obtrayne
Theyr purpose and wyll, than they do inuent
Letters of loue, expyessynge theyr payne
And piously by messengers, they be forth sent

If letters be contemned, yf wytynges take no place
 Than labours do fouers, in theyr owne persons take
 They ryde and they conne, many myles in small space
 And more honest women, chaste lyfe to forsake
 With syghes sempyng sorrowfull, theyr foly they expresse
 With wepynges theyr wordes, be mydded for to more
 Piteously complaynyng, of deadly dystresse
 Thus women to decryue, all wyles they do proue
 But yf all theyr glosynges, theyr matters can nat spede
 If theyr tokens with theyr trynkettes, & letters be despyed
 Than oft constant women, they dyng in great drede
 Whan by vyolent oppressyon, they haue them despyed
 Dyna that to Jacob the Patriarke, was daughter
 By Sychem was oppressed, as scripture doth tell
 In punysshment of his vyolence, there folowed great slaughter
 Amonge all the people, that in his cytie dyd dwell
 In the cytie of Sabaa, what abhomynacyon
 Dyd men comyt, agaynst the Euytes wyfe
 The wyde world may wondre, of theyr bestyall fasshyon
 For amonge them by oppressyon, the woman lost her lyfe
 Dyd nat Aunon, that sone was to Dauid the kynge
 Eust Ihamar oppresse, his syster naturall
 After whiche acte, he had nat longe tyme
 For absolon his brother, gaue hym woundes mortall
 Lucretia the Romaine, a matrone ryght famous
 Despyed by oppressyon, of Tarquinius sone
 After the dede, both shamefull and vylaynous
 On a swerde that was sharpe and lene, she dyd rone
 Suche before deadly, his herte dyd oppresse
 Throughte the dede moste detestable, by vyolence comytted
 That death moste dredefull, to ende her dystresse
 Before lyfe in election, she thought to be admytted
 Many thousandes mo of maydes, wedowes, and wyues
 Moste tyranous tormentes, as wyters do tell
 Haue suffered, and also haue lost theyr lyues
 Theyr chastite to save, and Tyranes to repell

Gen. 34

Jud. 19

11. Reg. 5
30

Dyula

Disula with her fellows, this matter do recorde
 Expulsed from theyr countrey, theyr clēnes to kepe
 Theyr virgynyte was vowed, to the hyghe kynge and sorde
 And martyres they were made, with woundes wyde & depe
 Margaret the mayde, maryage dyd refuse
 Of Didius the Tyran, and his gyftes dyd forsake
 A spouse in heauen, to her she dyd chuse
 And mekely for his loue, death dyd she take
 So dyd Katheryne the quene, and virgyne full pure
 Agathe, and Annes, with Lucia the byghe
 Wenestede, and Cecylie, by clēnes dyd procure
 In heauen for ever, to be in Goddes spghe.

¶ The Pye.

¶ Thou restest vp a raskall rabbie, sayde the Pye
 Of wyttes women, tohom sayntes thou wytt make
 What recorde hast thou, thy wordes to ratyspe
 For without wytnes, as lyes I them take.

¶ The Falcon.

¶ A rabbie sayde the Falcon, of saylers I may call
 Wherof thou arte one, but of Sayntes in the blys
 Of heauen nowte harynge, the lyfe immortal
 Theyr nombre a company, moste gloriouse is
 And to proue that these virgynes, rehered before
 In the cytie celestyall, haue theyr habytacyon
 And in Goddes presence, shall be for evermore
 The Authoryte of the Church, I bynge for probacyon.

¶ The Pye.

¶ Ha ha here is a pretty pastyme, sayde the Pye
 To here & muble thy manpsyng, & dronken dotted dreames
 As moche authoryte, they haue surely
 As any eses taylor, when it styreth in streames.

¶ The Falcon.

¶ Neither the eses sayde the Falcon, nor yet the eses taylor
 Authoryte haue, for reason they dosake
 But auntyent storpes, of authoryte can nat sayle
 And that for to proue, I shall nat shyne backe

And

And tell me now the Pye, who fyrste sayder was
Of royall Rome, who made the walles stronge
That large were in heyghe, and wyde in compas
And who made that domynyon, so large and so longe.

¶ The Pye.

¶ Romulus was fyrste founder therof, sayde the Pye
Of whom Roma it was called, as wyrters recorde
Scipio and Lato, Rome dyd amplyfye
And Julius Cesar, her fyrste Emperour and Lorde.

¶ The Fawcon.

¶ If thou wylt sayd the Fawcon, that I shal credence gyue
Vnto thy wordes, than wytnes I must haue
For wytnes of all men, that in this worlde lyue
Is euer accepted, the trouth for to saue.

¶ The Pye.

¶ Of hystoryographers, many there be
Sayde the Pye, that the Romaynes gestes do declare
Whiche my sayinges, shall recorde abundauntlye
The trouth thou mayst serue, yf to them thou repare
And to be breue, of many I bynge one
Titus Linius, myne Authour in this case
Of no small aucthorite, in myne oppynyon
For his wordes amonge learned men, do euer take place
And acceptynge of a worke, aucthorite doth make
And gyue to the same, the strength of recorde
Wherfore the wytnes of Linius I take
Thy doubte to dyssoleue, and deley thy dyscorde.

¶ The Fawcon.

¶ Stop there sayde the Fawcon, I haue myne intent
Whan a worke (as thou sayst) of the people is receyued
Thou hath it aucthorite, and as a foundement
Infallyble is taken, of verytie conceyued
The stoyres of the Church, by chrysten men compyled
That excellent were, in learnynge and in lyfe
Of chrysten men, as verytie vndefyled
Haue euer ben taken, without any styffe

D.I.

They

They be receyued, ergo I may conclude
 Vpon thy wordes, that aucthoritie they brynge
 And from my sayinges, all fables the exclude
 As touchynge the examptes, of womens good synnyng
 But nowe to retourne, after longe dygressyon
 To our matter intended, myne examptes declare
 That men moche haue vsed, crafty instygacyon
 Women to wrappe, in the deuylles net and snare
 And as prouocacyon, hath ben in tymes past
 Of men moche vsed, the clenes to subuert
 Of women contynent, so such as true chaste
 Be nowe prouoked, from clenes to auert
 They be nat women, that theyr gyftes do abuse
 Of nature and of grace, and to dyce them applye
 But men moste sensuall, that stude and muse
 Dayly theyr lust to fulfill in lecherie
 Nowe I pray the Pye playnly, as it is in thy thought
 Speake here thy mynde, whither more doth prouoke
 The myt hat doth seke, or the woman that is sought
 The trowth herof shulde cause the, thy raysonge to reuoke
 Dost thou nat dayly, with thyne eyes se
 Howe men mased with loue, to women make shute
 And on the other parte, fewe or none they be
 Of women to whom such dyce, thou mayst impute.

¶ The Pye.

Nowe am I constrayned, to graunt sayde the Pye
 By reason and experyence, that all prouocacyon
 Of man cometh comenly, for I can nat denye
 Of thy sayinges and examptes, the suffeyent probacyon
 But yet for theyr rayment, all gorgyous and gay
 Reprehended of the Apostles, both Peter and Paule
 In excuse of the wearers, what canst thou nowe say
 If this matter thou defende, than wyse I the call.

¶ The Falcon.

Full sharpe be the sayinges, sayde the Falcon in dede
 Of these two Apostles, that rayment reprehende
 And deckynge of women, yet yf thou take good hede

Thou shalt fynde that women, they lyttell dyscōmende
 Saynt Austen to these sayinges, answer doth make
 Of both these Apostles, and sayth that none offence
 Ryseth of rayment, whan women do take
 Vnto dyscrecyon, dyslygent aduertence
 If after the custome, of theyr countrey they vse
 Rayment ryghte to all, and accordynge to theyr state
 Secludynge wayne gloire, yf they do refuse
 All purpose in louers, lust carnall to instygate
 Than synne is anoyded, for who so decked was
 In garmentes moste goygous, as hester the quene
 As the beames of the Sōne, shynynge throughe the glas
 With golde and perles, to glyster she was sene
 Euen so dyd Iudyth, her bewtye augment
 With apparell of great pryce, that caused admyracyn
 Yet these women both, for theyr good intent
 Of scripture deserued prayse, and cōmendacyon.

¶ The Pye.

Thou semest sayde the Pye, all maner to cōmende
 And vse of rayment, be it neuer so wayne
 Yet Paule vnto Tymothe, dyd vterly intende
 All women from vanytie, in rayment to restrayne.

¶ The Falcon.

Nothyng I thynke lesse, sayde the Falcon I the tell
 Than agaynst the sayinges, of Paule for to speake
 All vanytie in rayment, the Apostle doth repell
 All vanytie in the same, my mynde is to breake.

¶ The Pye.

Be playne in thy termes, sayde the Pye I the pray
 And dystynctly declare, what thy meanynge is
 By vanytie of rayment, for nothyng can I say
 To the yf thy mynde herin, I do mysse.

¶ The Falcon.

So oft sayde the Falcon, as women rayment vse
 Agaynst the gypse of theyr countrey, or about theyr degre
 And power be decked, so oft they take and chuse

In weyinge theyr apparell, folysse vanytie
Vanytie in rayment, also I do call
Whan for prayse or vayne gloire, rayment is worne
Or els to prouoke, and cause men to fall
In to lust of the body, whan reason is forlorne.

[The Pye.]

Do nat women sayde the Pye, theyr rayment abuse
All these fourte wayes, whiche thou dost expresse
In moste vayne maner, thou canst nat excuse
Herein the femyne sepe, nor theyr syghnes redresse.

[The Fawcon.]

I knowe nat sayde the Fawcon, the surety to say
That any so syue, but yf thou suche fynde
What canst thou infer, nowe in the way
Of reasonnyng, agaynst the whole kynde.

[The Pye.]

If one be nought, so be all the rest
I say sayde the Pye, of the femyne gendie
For amonge them all, she that is best
Wolde be loth of her lyfe, a rekenyng to rendie.

[The Fawcon.]

In raylynge vnrasonable, thou ragest agaynst ryght
Sayde the Fawcon, whan thou dost of fewe womens vyce
Infer all the rest, in theyr synnyng to be ryght
If thou harken thy blynde erre, shall be open at a tryce
Some men be murderers, shulde I therfore call
All mankynde murderers, some theues and traytours be
Shulde I therfore say, all men do fall
In to the same vyce? no that were madnes playntye
Because Cayn dyd murdre, therfore dyd his brother
Abell the same, Esau was reiect
And so: saken of God, in the wombe of his mother
was therfore Jacob refused of God, and also neglect
Horrible heresy, these blynde sayinges be
If they be defended, and by scrypture confounded
And who is so blynde, but he may well se

Gen. 40.

Mal. 1.

Ab ra. 90

[That]

That the saying agaynst womē of reason, be nat groundēd
 For what raylynge heretycke, so shames causē thou fynde
 To say that our Lady, the virgyne moste pure
 Was syght in her synne, or corrupte in her mynde
 Because pleasure some women, to lust dyd assure
 Lesse therefore thy sayinges, and raylynge moste rude
 Condemne nat a multytude, that innocent is
 As thoughe from all goodnes, thou woldest them exclude
 Because that a fewē, be founde to do amys
 Because that a fewē, be both syght and vayne
 In rayment and apparell, agaynst the Apostles rule
 Thou mayst nat therefore, of the whole stocke complayne
 As thoughe every woman, from vertue dyd recule
 But many there be, to sayinges euill so prone
 And dayly in the same, accustomed to slepe
 That slaunders causynge many, to syght and to grone
 As pastymes they take, whan Innocentes do wepe.

The Pye.

Yet the mayster sayde the Pye, may lawfully speake
 Of his seruant his pleasure, be it false or trewe
 Lyke maner the husbāde, doth nat Goddes precept breake
 Whan he is wofes sorowes, with slaunder doth renewe.

The Hawcon.

Blynde was the fyrste erre, and euen naked nought
 But this is moche worse, sayde the Hawcon in very dede
 Chyfte that mānes soule, with his death derefy bought
 Forbyd that this erre, come in chrysten mānes crede
 Dost thou nat fynde, daclared in Scrypture
 That Chyft is the fountayne, of trouth and verytie
 That man hath by grace, he hath by his nature
 This trouth is the way, to the celestyalleytie
 As trouth man to heauen, doth condyeth and guyde
 So by falsene and lye, that noynous be
 Slaunders sodaynt, to hell slipp and syde
 Where euer they shall rest, in carefull calamytie
 For Danyd the prophet, in his Psalme doth recorde

Johnes
140.

Psal. 14.

D.iii.

That

That sclaunders and lyars, to endles perdyceyon
 Shall fall by iust sentence, of the heuensy soide
 whan synne shall be rewarded, with ryght retribucion
 Sapt. 1. The wyse man also, beareth wytnes to this matter
 And sayth that the mouth, the soule doth slep and kyl
 Of that man whiche despyteth, of sclaunders to clatter
 And the names of good people, with detraction to spyl
 Nowe for as moche, as dedly detraction
 To all people is dampnable, no state or degre
 Excepted at all, therfore dedefull dampnacion
 All men deserue, that of theyr wyues sclaunders be
 And it is comonly sayde, that on the denyll to lye
 Offence and synne it is, is it nat than offence
 Agaynst crysten women, with sclaunders out to crye
 Of whose gentyl nature, man shulde speake in defence
 Paule sayth that man, shuld loue his wedded wyfe
 As his owne body, and cherysse her alway
 Agaynst Paule they do playnly, that loue to be in stryfe
 With theyr wyues, whose names with sclaunder they decay
 Peace therfore Pye, and this oppynyon prouyshe
 That men may rayse theyr pleasure, speake thou no more
 For sclaunder is a matter, of all other mooste theuyshe
 The offence therof doubtes, deserueth sorowes soie
 And yf blynde affections, thou woldest set asyde
 And cluysshe enuye, from thy herte cleane expell
 Than woldest thou say, that reason in men doth nat byde
 That with rayfynge, the fame of women hurte and quell
 For in case that any, be founde lewde or lyght
 In so great a nombre of women, as there is
 Thou mayst nat at theyr vyce, graff or rayse by ryght
 But be heuye and soye, for suche as do amys
 And in this behalfe to say, I dare be bolde
 That none, the hole kynde of women doth sclaunder
 Excepte he be suche, as was nought yonge and olde
 And blyndly by vyce, syneth in the denylls daunger.

¶ The Pye.

¶ I graunt

I graunt sayde the Pye, that schlaunder is nought
And hyghe in iudgement, that causeth moche wo
But yf mens synes & womens, were to the bothom songht
Of men than of women good, thou shuldest fynde mo.

The fawcon.

This doubte to dyscuse, to no man it pertayneth
Sayde the fawcon, for God this matter must trye
But experyence, and also scrypture me constayneth
The rather to women, in this behalfe to wyse
For scrypture me teacheth, that all kyndes of synne
More by man than woman, had rote and begynnynge
And practyse doth proue, that contynuaunce therin
Of men mooste chesely, hath eade and mayntaynyng
The fyrste murdre by croked Cayn, was comytted
Whan innocent Abell, to death he dyd dyue
Incontynent Lamech, began admytted
For agaynst stymulacyons, he wolde nat styue
Noe fyrste dionkarde, whose spylthynes his chylde
Ethan dyd dyscouer, his bretherne it perceyvyng
Abhorred that dede, wyllfull and wyld
And couered the pyncyples, cause of theyr conceyvyng
Fyrste tyran was Nemtath, fyrste ydolater was he
He set nought by God, by his syghynynge, nor his thondre
The tower of Babel he baylded, that all men myght se
Than denyed were the tongues, that made men to wondre
The synne agaynst nature, both brute and bestyall
Whan fyrste dyd comyt, as scrypture doth recorde
Of v. Eyties the people perysshed, great and small
In punysshement of that synne, by the hyghe kyng & lorde
Pharaos of Egypt, that Tyran styfe and stowte
Fyrst Innocentes dyd murdre, and to death dyd them dresse
For the murdre of those chylidren, he dyed without doubte
The red see hym swallowed, with his people more and lesse
And lyke as these offences, had fyrste orygynall
Begynnynge of men, so contynuaunce they haue
Of men mooste chesely, whiche dayly to them fall

Gen. 4.

Ibidem.

Gen. 9.

Gen. 11.
10. 11.

Gen. 19.

Exod. 1.

Exo. 14.

from

From endymities they labour hat, they: soules for to saue
 For who doth kylt and murdre, in batteyll that is bolde
 Who robbeth and spoileth, both by see and by lande
 Who Tyranny doth vse, that maketh herres colde
 Who Innocentes doth kylt, with a bloody hande
 Who? but man set on myschylfe this vyce doth cōmyt
 As lewdnes were lawfull, all vyce he doth take
 In the snare he lyeth sleppynge, the knot is fast knyght
 No kynde of cryme croked, he wyll forsake
 In Sessions and in Lyes, who is periured but he
 Great othes that be odious, no man refuseth
 And lecherie is laudable, in every degre
 Both symonye synfull, and vsurpe man vsseth
 And althoughe some women, to these synnes do fall
 Aboue rehersed, yet in respect of men
 They: nombre is nothyng, or els very small
 For agaynst one of them offendynge, of 2 tother there be ten:

¶ The Pye.

¶ I thynke sayde the Pye, that thy sayinges now be
 Indyfferent agaynst men, for practyses doth expresse
 That fewe of these vyces, in women we may se
 Whiche thou hast rehersed, but in men they be doubtes
 For murdre and robbery, that openly is done
 Symonye, vsurpe, and treason vntrewe
 Bybye that chaungeith, that iudge as the mone
 Heresy and scysmes, that dyssencion do renetwe
 Perjurye and rybawdrye, with pollynge and oppressyon
 All these synnes sensuall, that fowle and fylthy be
 Of man be moche vsed, I must nedes make confessyon
 Moche more than of woman, that from these semeth fre.

¶ The Falcon.

¶ Yet man at his daunget, as though he well he were
 Doth laugh he sayde the Falcon, so synne doth hym blynde
 If his synne he dyd se, than chaunge wolde his chere
 Perceyvinge to his maker, howe he is vnkynde
 His breast he wolde beate, for mercy he wolde call

For his debtes of dampnacyn, he wolde knele on his knee
And many salt teares, from his chekes than shulde fall
If he his wordes woked, oyd ponder as they be.

¶ The Pye.

¶ As it ought to be sayde the Pye, thou dost speake
But as thou dost speake, so shall it nat be
Whyle man is here luyng, Goddes lawes he wyll breake
Cease therfore thy saynges, by the counceyll of me.

¶ The Falcon.

¶ Than shall I retourne, to make repetycyon
Of our matter fyrste moued, sayd the Falcon in this place
Thou saydest that all women, do lacke perfection
Of body and theyr soules, be wyde of all grace
A perlyte I haue proued, that as perlyte they be
In body as man, and theyr soules haue creatyon
Vnto the ymage, of the hyghe Trynyte
Thas perlyte they were create, by dynne operacyon
That depistes of wyse, with reason profounde
In women take place, myne exampls expresse
For the .vii. Arkes lyberall, had theyr fyrste grounde
And inuencyon by women, this is doubtesse
Aptnes also, and pryncple they haue
Vnto all kyndes of vertue moste pure
With dysygent endeuour, they haue laboured to save
Theyr soules from all vyce, and grace to procure
And furthermore Pye, I haue made declaracyon
That women in luyng, the men do excele
Confounded I haue, thy false accusacyon
And reasons I haue vsed, thy saynges to repell
Of scripyture somtyme, the saynges I haue sought
Hystoires profane, and experyence moste sure
The documentes of Doctours, forth I haue brought
For the femynne sakes, theyr ryght to recure.

¶ The Pye.

¶ By thy processe sayde the Pye, as I can perceyue
Thou concludest all women, vertuous to be

E.i.

Because

Because that a few, vertues dyd receyue
Wherof examples, thou dydes recyte to me
At the length thou dost take, for synall conclusyon
That women in theyr synunge, far men do excell
As though they alonely, of grace had infusyon
This utterly from men, grace thou wylt repell.

The Falcon.

Nat so sayde the Falcon, for that is nat my mynde
Grace from all men, utterly to exclude
No: by myne examples, thou canst nat fynde
That all women vertuous, I entende to conclude
But this conclusyon, of all my sayinges take
That to knowledge and vertue, women apt be
And yf of theyr lyues, comparyson thou make
More godly than men, they seme vnto me.

The Pye.

Theyr proctour thou arte made, sayd the Pye I perceyue
A rewarde to receyue, the y. parte thou dost take
But whan they with doublenes, shall the deceyue
I thynke than this offyce, thou wylt forsake.

The Falcon.

The trouth to defende, why shulde I refuse
A proctour to be, the Falcon dyd say
Innocentes to helpe, we shulde our wyttes vse
In theyr causes iust, and helpe them alway
None other rewarde, to receyue I desyre
But trouth to tye forth, and malice to subdue
This brought to passe, than haue I my hye
For than shall be knowen, the false from the true
And wher as by doublenes, I shall be deceyued
(As thou sayst of women) that can nat so be
For doublenes of those, is neuer conceyued
In whose hertes is playnes, and sympletye.

The Pye.

He sayde the Pye, with the to contende
Agaynst the femyne gender, I am moche unable

As one overcome, therfore I make an ende
For to tell it anapletth, before the to fable.

¶ The Fawcon.

¶ Yet one thyng of the, or thou from hens flye
I demaunde sayde the Fawcon, what moued thy mynde
In all thy fore sayynges, so shamefully to lye
With raplyng outrageous, agaynst woman kynde
Whether they: nature, they: wordes, or they: lyuynge
Thy tongue haue prouoked, to deadly detraction
Or rather by rashnes, of enuye proceedynge
They: fame to defaulke, thou hast delectacyon.

¶ The Pye.

¶ They: nature is good, than sayde the Pye
And so be they: dedes, the trouth for to tell
Wylte me moued, of women to lye
Systrer to Megera, the ragynge fende of hell.

¶ The Fawcon.

¶ Why dost thou than women, more than men scaunder
The Fawcon dyd say, with thy wordes that be wyldes
Hens men by dedes deadly, lyue in more daunger
Of soule than women, whiche seme vnderfylde.

¶ The Pye.

¶ The lowest parte of the hedge, is troden downe
Under fore sayde the Pye, whan the hyst is forborne
Womans power is small, in felde and in towne
Therfore I them scaunder, therfore I them skorne
Men rule and governe, by see and by lande
Promocyons and profytes, by them I may haue
Therfore to cateche somwhat, in to my hande,
I laude them, I flatter them, whan I begyn to crane
He that wylleth with wylth, in this woulde leade his lyfe
Placebo he must play, his kne both bowe and bende
Flaterars fare of the best, and lyue without stryfe
Whan playnes with trouth, great men do offende
They: appetytes to please, my mynde I applye
As they say I say, be it wronge or ryght

Somtyme I graunt, somtyme I denye
Ponge Rufflers to please, whose wyttes be full cyghe.

¶ The fawcon.

¶ I than yf thou shuldest playnly, and as the trouth is
Thy mynde agaynst men, sayde the fawcon expresse
Rebuke they shulde haue, of prayse they shulde mys
And thy stile agaynst women, than woldes thou redresse.

¶ The pye.

¶ I graunt sayde the pye, but yet adulatory
Nedes must I vse, great men to content
And agaynst women, my comon detraction
These two to contynctwe, is my full intent
Auarice of mynde, that is insacryable
Adulatory to vse, hath gyuen me occasyon
And so hath enuye, the vice detestable
Prouoked detraction, with false accusacyon.

¶ The fawcon.

¶ The fawcon moste fayre, moche moued in his mynde
Agaynst the pyes wordes, and open confessyon
With syghes sore, ascendynge from his herte kynde
In lamentynge maner, made this exclamacyon
O woulde moste wretched, O tyme infortunate
O blyndnes moste beastlye, O lyfe without syghe
O vertue, O grace, from mans soule sepetate
The dedes of darknes, haue put forth his syghe
Nowe reason is blynded, by synne sensuall
And iudgement corrupte, by offence customable
Wyll wandereth wyldly, by appetyte carnall
All powers of mans soule, be founde reprobable
Flatterers moste false, that fables can fayne
Great men accept, and to counceyll take
Playnes and Justyce, be cryled cleane
And oppresyon causeth, Innocentes to quake
Exorsyon is extolled, and rygour doth rule
Detraction and deyspon, with nobles obdurate
Derytic and petie, from these men ueritate

And

And falsenes with flattery, trewe playnes do quell
 All these seme lawfull, to men that be of myghte
 They wyll and pleasures, they take for a lawe
 With ragynge and rayfynge, they runne agaynst ryghte
 For smal is theyr feryng, theyr wyttes nat worth an haire
 O Pye moste penyffhe, howe canst thou suche prayse
 And Innocentes condemne, whose dedes deserue lawde
 The hertes of playne people, thou dost dyscase
 Whiche couet in trouth, to lyue without fraude
 But seynge my saynges, can take no place
 In hertes that be harde, congeleyd with vyce
 No remedye I fynde, but prayer for grace
 That man from his synne, may wake and aryse.

The Authour.

When these wordes were spoken, the fawcon toke flyghte
 The Pye for to penyffhe, that fled fast away
 Of them both shortly, I lost there the syghte
 And whomwarde I walked, from that Arbour gay
 Anone I drewe forth, the argumentacyon
 Of these two bydes, the fawcon and the Pye
 As you haue harde me make recytacyon
 Nothyng from theyr saynges, my style I dyd wryte
 The people to profyte, my purpose is playne
 No man to dysplease, with worde or with wyll
 But deadly detraction, I wolde restrayne
 That causeth many men, theyr soules for to spyll
 The pryncce of peace pearles, the lambe immaculate
 That suffered sorowes sharpe, synne to suppressse
 And with his blode, washed our soules cōcamynate
 On the Aulter of the Crosse, the deuyll to depresse
 He graunt by his grace, that charytie may sprynge
 In euery mans herte, as flowres sprynge in May
 Than God shall we loue, our heauenty kynge
 And enuie expell, that our soules doth decay
 Than reason shall rule our dedes with discrecyon
 Betwene man and man, loue shall be unfayned

Apoc. r.

No man agaynst women, shall vse detraction
 For enure throughte charitie, shall be than restrayned
 After this sorte, by moste godly gouernance
 If man hym selfe vse, in good conuersacyon
 In God before all thynges, hauynge affyaunce
 Than well he may trust, to come to saluacyon
 Heauen he shall haue, the cytle celestyall
 The bryght beames of gloire, shall gyue his soule syght
 All worldly pleasures, his ioy excede shall
 Of the hyghe Trynitye, when he hath a syght
 The increate wysdom, that all the worlde wroughte
 To his blyss moste blessed, this company bynge
 Our Sauour I meane, that man and woman bought
 Graunt vs in heaue, to here the Angells synge.

A D E N.

¶ Finis.

¶ Robert Dagbane to the Fawcon.

Followe: no D Fawcon, to faynte the with syghte
 In pressynge thy pryons, to punyshe the Pye
 Byt styll sobely, and thou shalt se with thy syghte
 The tyme that Innocentes, they owne trouthe shall trye
 When reason regneth, that ryghte wyll nat repyre
 And plantyth Prudence, suche poyntes to ouer se
 Than shalt wauerynge fortune, her whele tourne a wyse
 And the pratyng Pyes, punysshed shall be.

¶ Robert Dagbane to the Pye.

Pyke the henc Pye, pyke the henc prater
 Pyke the henc preyssh, pyke the pyed Pye
 walke in the wanyond, and wayte for some water
 To syckar thy lypes, that of syngre are drye
 Thy braggynge bofres, once shalt thou bere bys
 Gappe wyll so happen, I holde the a grote
 Than far from thy countrey, thou wyll be fayne to fye
 D: cowardly in couerte, go and chaunge thy cote.

¶ Lennop

Cennoy de Robert Daghane.

Wou nat thy mynde, with crewell malyce
Agaynst thy detractours, O symple Innocence
Remembre howe pycketh them, the synne of auarjee
Spuyng them boldenes, thou knowest by experyence
Acquaynt the therfore, with peates pacyence
Requyre thou her, with the for to abyde
Euer to stande, and be in thy defence
Tyll suche a tyme, as thy trouth may be tryed.

Depe nat thy daynes, with vyolent hate
Expell from the, all enuye and yar
Receyue no ranker, for hurtynge thyne estate
Neuer from pacyence, fflye thou for yar
Onely she is thy remedye
None other, but her knowe **I** Recurre to be.

CRobert Daghane to the treatyse.

Go forth tytell treatyse, I do the compe
To her womanly wysdom, that shall the retayne
And thoughe thou be both lose and unknyt
I doubt nat, but she wyll do her busye payne
To so we the togyther, with fyne sylke of Spayne
And make the an hyspyng, of fyne veluet blewe
Because in the, is nothyng sayde certayne
But she her selfe, doth knowe it to be trewe.

Hane than no drede, to be in her protection
As thou dost her, so wyll she the defende
And for to say the soth, in myne election
I can nat se, what nature more can sende
To any wyght, her sounte to amende
Her vertues vernysse, as vyolettes in vere
I wyll nat speake, other to offende
But in wyt and womanheade, I knowe nat her pere.

Cherfore

¶ Herfore, when thou shalt come to her syght
 whiche wyl be shortly, as far as I gesse
 Say thou arte sende, to pleade in her ryght
 As in the quartell, of thyne owne maystresse
 When shall she se, what thou canst expresse
 For her defence, her ryght to recure
 And from detractours, that wolde the suppress
 In her Expresse cofer, she wyl kepe the sure.

¶ I N I S.

¶ Thus endeth the fawcon and
 the Pye. Anno dñi. 1542.

¶ Imprinted by me Robert Wyer/
 for Rycharde Banckes.

¶ Cum privilegio regali/
 ad imprimendū solū.
 per septem annam.

Robert wyer.



The printer.

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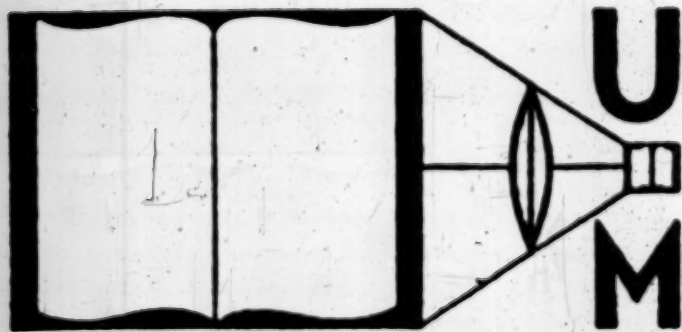
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